

Soldiers' Communications.

The Soldiers' Demand.

Lines by C. W. Turpening, of Mt. Airy, Iowa, formerly of the 12th Illinois Cavalry.

We fought in the old revolution,
For equal representation,
And we gained a new constitution,
Which granted us equal taxation.

But since our last great rebellion,
Equal taxation has fled
And the love that belongs to the People
Is secured by the Bankers instead.

O! where is our equal taxation,
For which our ancestors did fight,
Where Capital pays not a penny,
And Labor pays twice what is right.

Will our country so meanly desert us,
Whom we bled for in battle array,
As to basely deny us our earnings,
And still give us taxes to pay?

Then, Soldiers, stand up for your honor,
And labor for all that is right,
Let Liberty still be untarnished,
And Justice ne'er suffer a blight.

The War Cry.

Lines by William Ascoug, of Company I, 6th New Jersey Volunteers, written when before Yorktown, Va., May 8, 1862.

The war cry is ringing, boys, gird on your swords,
And may Victory smile, as at birth.
When the Union's in peril, let these be your words:
"We live to uphold it or sink to the earth."

Forever in glory that banner shall wave,
With its stars and its stripes to the breeze,
And millions will rally, its honor to save,
While it floats over land and o'er seas.

Then on to the fight, in your glory and might,
May the Great God of Justice nerve every sure blow,
For we battle for Union, Freedom, and Right:
So on, boys, and charge them—down, down with the foe.

Hurrah, boys, hurrah, they stagger, they fly,
Their rebel ranks broken, in panic have fled,
Press on them, press on them, we conquer or die,
By the Great God of Battles our legions are led.

Soldier's Anecdotes.

A soldier, who was posted at Camp Butler, Illinois, relates an amusing instance of Irish cookery: "The captain in command of the barracks," he writes, "on one occasion employed two or three Irish recruits, as cooks for probably fifty men, tenanted at the building, and told them, on leaving for Springfield, six miles distant, to give the boys some rice soup for dinner. What was his amazement, on returning, to behold a great excitement in the cook room. Pat and Jemmy had filled the big kettles on the stove with rice, pouring water thereon, and put the covers upon the same. Pretty soon the rice began to swell and swell, and overflow; swell and swell and overflow it did till there must have been, I fancy, a hog's head full of rice cooked that day. All the vacant vessels about the barracks were filled with it. You may be sure Pat and Jemmy lost their situations."

Another soldier who lived at Clinton, Illinois, during the war, relates an amusing story of one John McAboy, a resident of the same place. "John," he informs us, "was well on to seventy years old, but full of patriotism. He liked the fat of the land and all comforts, but when the 112th Illinois Infantry was about starting for Springfield, where it proposed to rendezvous, John's love of country rose to fever heat, and he made the boys a speech from the court-house steps: 'Boys,' said he, 'I'm goin' with you—I'm an old man, but I'll help you fight, and maybe I'll lay my bones on the bank of the Tennessee.' The old man then 'blubbered' right out. Well, John, sure enough, did start out with the boys in the cars, one cold, threatening afternoon, and at night the whole party camped near Springfield. During the night a storm came up, all the tents were blown down, and every mother's son of the party were drenched to the skin by the violent rain. Old John was truly in a sad condition, and at length he could hold his speech no longer: 'Boys,' said he 'boys, I'm a gwien home—I'm a gwien home. God knows I'm willin' to die for my country, but I'll be d—d ef I stand this 'ere campin' out.' Uncle John took the first train for Clinton."

A soldier of the 6th Tennessee cavalry gives us a good one of Jake Moisure. "Jake," says he, "had been in the rebel army and deserted, I think, probably to get good coffee, for he would drink well on to half a gallon at a time, and it steaming hot. He was constantly in dread of being captured by the rebels, and then felt his doom would be sealed, yet still he wanted to visit his home. Well, I was sitting up late one evening by our camp-fire, when, hearing a noise behind, I looked and there was Jake. He spoke, after considerable effort—he was a terrible stammerer—'c-c-can y-y-you k-k-keep a s-s-secret?' said he, 'Yes, Jake, what is it?' 'w-w-well, I-I-let's s-s-slip off t-t-to-n-n-night.' 'All right, Jake,' said I, 'I want to fix up some traps, and will join you in an hour here.' I then went and told about a dozen of the boys, and asked them to station themselves about a quarter of a mile from camp, on the road we were to take. I told them to be sure not to load up—only just caps on their guns. Now, we are off, Jake and I, and just as we were passing through a thick cluster of woods, a voice rang out, 'who's there,' and click, click, snap, snap, snap, whack, whack, whack, came from the muskets. Away Jake and I sped, I ahead, Jake at my heels. The foe were after us. I outran Jake, who fell in one of the gulleys. Quickly halting, I heard Jake yell out: 'O-o-o, fur G-G-God's sake d-d-don't k-k-kill me, I-I-I'm j-j-just tryin' to g-g-go away f-f-from the d-d-d—d yankees. O-o-o! for G-G-God's sake d-d-don't kill me.' The boys now roared—they could hold out no longer. I slipped back to camp, and just kept mum, but one thing is sure, Jake never attempted to desert again."

An Old Mexican Veteran's Speech.

Mr. David Thomason, of Empire City, Kansas, thus addresses his veteran friends:

"FELLOW-SOLDIERS—MEXICAN VETERANS: I am slow of speech, and my pen is not that of a ready writer, but I call upon you to arise from your dead stupidity, and contend earnestly for your just rights now due you from the Government of the United States, lo! these many years.

When the Government called upon you for your services in the Mexican war, you came like men alive, as brave soldiers, to fight for the honor and welfare of this great nation. Your battles were fought on the soil of your enemy, and you were victorious. You gained for your country great territory, and gold, silver, and mineral wealth unbounded. Now, fellow-soldiers, I would ask: How did the Government come in possession of this great wealth? Was it by the industry of Mr. Gold Bugs, and through the labors of Mr. Millionaires? No, no, no. Read the speech of General Shields in the United States Senate. It was gained by the toil, sacrifice, and suffering of the soldiers, upon the battle-fields of Mexico. We made this great nation so rich and prosperous. Old Mexican veterans, you ask me how you can, under the infirmities of old age, again enlist in the war? I answer, by subscribing to "THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, the soldier's friend." The foe to your pension bill is yet to face, fight, and subdue. Do not let General Shields and the TRIBUNE stand alone and fight out this war. Why remain idle all the day and complain that it is "because no man has hired" us? Now, in the eleventh hour of your lives, ask of the Government your penny dues, lo! these many days, and I feel they will be paid you before you pass away to your graves."

In our correspondence with these old veterans, we are reminded of some words in the splendid poem by Hoffman, entitled "The Battle of Monterey:"

"We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave, who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey."

How to Get the Silver in Circulation.

A soldier residing in Missouri sends us the following article. His suggestion with regard to putting silver into circulation in all parts of the country by using it to speedily pay all arrearages of pensions, is a new idea and worthy of prompt consideration.

Editor National Tribune:

If the Secretary of the Treasury is in earnest about wishing to pay out his silver, why not pay it to the soldier and get it in circulation at once? When we fought the battles for the Union, we were paid in greenbacks, which these identical bankers and bondholders, whom he seems to prefer to us, "shoved," in most instances, one-half, and now we must take such crumbs as they can spare.

I, for one, do not think this is right. As the soldier was "shoved" in the first instance very badly on his pay, it seems right the pay now ought to be at least equal to those who "shoved" his pay. If the Government is going according to honor, then let it honor all alike. There is no honor in making the soldier stand back; for, if we are entitled to pay, then we are entitled to it as promptly as the wealthier classes. Have the silver sent out to us, and you will not hear of any more grumbling.

Yours, &c.,

A SOLDIER.

VERSAILLES, Mo., April 30, 1879.

The Late Victory.

The soldiers in all parts of the country very fully appreciate the great victory recently gained by patriotic and honorable Senators and their allies of the press over the sixty-surgeon bill, of which General Shields said: "I would like to know who actually devised such a bill. He ought to have a leather medal, and I call upon the pensioners of America to give him one."

The following letter, among others of like character, of praise and congratulation, has just come to hand:

TANNERSVILLE, GILMER COUNTY,
WEST VIRGINIA, April 24, 1879.

Editor "National Tribune":

As you are, and ever have been, a bold and uncompromising defender of the interests of the soldier, it is proper and just for them to show their appreciation of your labors, in their behalf, by patronizing and assisting you, and all such, in every way possible.

I suppose you participated in the recent battle in Congress over the sixty pension court bill, proposing to divide the United States into sixty districts, in which a pension court should be held, and all pensioners compelled, at their own expense, to appear before it.

The soldiers will long remember this infamous scheme to defraud them of their just rights, and have spotted the originators, and those who advocated its passage. They will not forget the allegations made against them by a prominent Senator in the discussion, notwithstanding he favored the arrears pension bill. His conduct in the premises may be compared to the cow that gave a fine, full bucket of milk, but immediately kicked it all over.

The soldiers and people are gradually getting their eyes open. Against all such enemies to soldiers' rights continue your warfare, call for reinforcements when needed, and I am full sure they will respond. Please insert this in your paper.

Respectfully,

B. F. CUTLER.

How Gen. Hardee learned a new point in Tactics.

General Hardee, whose manual of infantry tactics was in use in all the Southern armies, visited a rural Georgia town one day during the war, and the commander of a "second-class militia" company sought to do himself and the general honor by parading his command in front of the inn in which Hardee had rooms. The writer upon tactics came out upon the balcony to review the command, and the militia officer put his men through their paces. In one of the maneuvers the men became confused, and got into a hopeless tangle. Hardee, in telling the story, said that he could think of no possible way in which they might be extricated, and waited with great curiosity to see what the militia commander would do. That rural tactician looked at the confused mass for a moment with a scowl of perplexity; then his face cleared, and he shouted the order:

"Disentangle to the front; march."

Whereupon the men rushed forward and formed a new line without regard to the order of the old one. Hardee said the command was not in his own or any other book on tactics, but that it ought to be.

A Reminiscence of Gettysburgh—Gen. Webb's Brigade.

The following graphic description of the supreme moment at the battle of Gettysburgh is attracting much attention in military circles. It is the testimony of an eyewitness, Major E. H. Ropes, of the Third New Jersey, now a resident of New York City. Major Ropes comes from a military family, and is a grandson of Col. Miller, of the war of 1812, who led the famous charge at Lundy's Lane, and whose "I'll try, sir," has passed into history:

"Can you stand an army incident? If not, you needn't read it, that's all. A student of the Free College of the city of New York called on me the other day, mentioning Gen. Alex. S. Webb as now president of that institution. 'General Webb!'—A train of the most stirring memories of my life started at the name, for it is indelibly associated with a sight such as a man is privileged to look upon but once in a lifetime, and few men ever saw even once. It was at Gettysburgh. I was an artilleryist, and it so happened that when that heroic charge was made by Longstreet's divisions, and those splendid lines of gallant Southerners came sweeping grandly across that field up into the very teeth of our guns, the time came when we must cease firing, for our men were so closely engaged with the confederates that they would receive as much damage from our fire as the enemy would. During this interval I had, what a soldier in battle rarely has, leisure to watch. On a little knoll just to our right stood Webb's brigade of the old Second Corps. In their front the brave Kemper was hurling down his brigade of Virginians upon them. Forward and backward went that thin and constantly thinning line of brave boys, the officers rushing up and down behind the impoverished ranks, waving their swords and cheering on the men. Toward the left of the line stood two color sergeants, bearing the only colors visible, and these they waved slowly to and fro in that leaden storm, in the face of the opposing host. The battle-smoke hung like a thick cloud above and in front of those brave men; the deafening roar of battle, the lurid line of fire dimmed by the thickening smoke, the hoarse shouts of the brave men on either side who who struggled madly for victory, the roar of shell and whistle of bullet swerved not those heroic men from their perilous duty—the fate of a nation hung upon their bayonets and they knew it, and every man became a hero! I stood looking upon that scene perfectly transfixed, the blood tingling through every vein, sweeping in great, hot, successive waves through my frame; and a thrilling through every nerve such as you and I have felt when reading some grand, heroic deed of ages past and gone. Suddenly an officer breaks from the line, hatless, coatless, pale, leaning heavily on his sword, limping rapidly toward where I stood. A great shell-rent at his right hip was letting the rich blood in streams down his leg. He was evidently seeking help to reach the hospital? Not he! When near enough to be heard above the roar, he demanded: 'Who is the commander of this battery?' I pointed to Major Fitzhugh, commanding the artillery brigade, to whom he rushed and besought him for God's sake to send a section of guns to the support of his men, he could not hold them against that fierce onslaught ten minutes longer. Two guns dashed at a gallop toward Webb's enfeebled ranks; they broke way right and left with a cheer, and our canister tore great gaps in Kemper's lines. He fell wounded. But now come on Armistead and Garnett with their brigades, and again the odds are with the Southerners. Would our brave boys be forced to give way? Would the army be cut in two at that point? The sight grew maddening. O, somebody give the right order now, if ever! The fate of the army—of Washington—of the country—hangs upon a thread! Is there no help? To the right a terrible blackened line of disabled artillery, dead and dying men, and fiercely struggling lines. To the left the same. But what's that? A flag comes up the hill from the rear; following hard after it comes five solid columns of troops, double-quickening it under that fierce July sun. A moment more, and on the flag we make out the blue St. George's Cross of the Third Division, Sixth Corps—and then we knew that after the word 'Gettysburgh' should be written 'victory!' But the die was cast before they could fire a shot. Webb's brigade made a fight that day which the Imperial Guard of Bonaparte never surpassed, and which, for heroism and results, deserves to be handed down among the proudest annals of war. I say every man in that poor, weak line of Webb's was a hero that day, fit to be ranked with Cœur de Lion; and as the sun went down upon that bloody field, I registered a vow never to cease telling my countrymen how that handful of heroes fought for the dear old flag at Gettysburgh. Again I have performed that vow!"

Educated Farmers.

I hope that the day will some time come when our Congress will be made up more largely from the agricultural class, for the larger the percentage of representation herein by persons engaged in practical agriculture the more liberal will be the policies of the Government in respect of it. Why farmers are thus set aside and do not rule Congress is thus explained: It is because farmers are satisfied with giving to their children only inferior education, when it is apparent that all youths of the land they should receive the most careful training, the most thorough and the most general instruction. The practical agriculturist requires a knowledge of economical chemistry, of botany, of physiology, of entomology, of physics, and of engineering; for all these may be brought into requisition in farm management. He should be learned in political economy, in the rules and usages and requirements of commerce and of trade and of finance, because the interests of his great country are closely connected with them all, and by his own knowledge of the exact relationship of each to the other he should be able to protect these interests when they may be imperiled by legislation having for its object the special protection and advancement of some particular industry or avocation without due regard for the effect thereof upon agriculture. He should be learned in law in order that he may be able to understand and defend his right of property when threatened. He should give attention to literature and to philosophy. Finally, he should be conspicuously cultured, mentally disciplined, enlightened and refined, because our civilization demands it, because his class—being the largest and most interested in the property of the country, and therefore the safest of all—should lead in affairs, and this it cannot do until those who compose it are qualified to take an exalted place at the head of the column of progress to which otherwise they would be entitled.—Senator Paddock, of Nebraska.